The Undergraduate.

VOL V. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JANUARY, 1880. NO. 5.

AT EVENING.

The sun has vanished behind the hill;
The distant call of the whippoorwill
Floats through the forest's silent trees;
Borne on the wings of the evening breeze,
And over the meadows wet with dew,
Where daisies nod the long day through,
The shadows deepen and shroud in gloom
The waving grass and the clover bloom.

Above the mountain a stream of light
Comes as the round moon soars in sight,
And over the pine-clad hill looks down
On meadow, valley and steepled town.
I hear the great stream's muffled roar,
As rushing along from shore to shore
It tosses the foam from the sturdy rock,
Then plunges down with a mighty shock!

Under the doorstone gray and damp,
A cricket chirps; and the firefly's lamp
Shines where the nodding violet sleeps,
And the woodbine over the old wall creeps.
The stars in the sky grow large and bright,
The flowers are cooled by the dews of night,
And the breath of Nature will chase away
The dust and heat of the sultry day.

D.

ANDREAS HOFER.

Away up in the Alps lies a land so small, so rugged, and so barren that it scarce seems worthy of a place upon the map of Europe. So scant and narrow are its vales, that they seem but fissures in the mighty cliffs, towering above on either side. And yet, if nations be measured by their deeds, this little land of rock and ice is broader and fairer than all the sunny fields of Europe. It is the land of the Tyrol.

Upon these cold mountains, at the beginning of this century, there dwelt a race who had never known the meaning of tyranny or war. Enthroned upon their lofty mountains, they had gazed unmoved on struggles which had changed the fate of Europe. But the ambition of Napoleon was boundless; from it not even the poor Tyrol could escape. Its lands were not narrow enough, its mountains bleak enough, its soil bare enough, to discourage his ruthless hand. He tore it from Austria to bestow it upon the basest and most tyrannical of all his dependencies—the principality of Bavaria.

Four years roll away. At length there comes a chance for vengeance—for liberty. Austria once more braves the power of Napoleon. She calls upon the men of Tyrol to assert their freedom—to prove their devotion to their loved country. All Tyrol springs up in a moment. Revenge, patriotism, freedom fire the breasts of the mountaineers. In one mighty mass they hurl themselves upon the foe. There are no leaders—no followers; all are equal in the strife for liberty. The hordes of tyranny are but dead leaves before that gale. Again they climb those narrow valleys; again they are swept away like flax before the breath of fire.

But soon Austria falls. Once more haughty Vienna reaps her harvest of bayonets and of blood. The Tyrol stands alone. Opposed to her is all the power of France—those mighty battalions which have counted all Europe a plaything. All seems lost. Bold as are her people they can see naught but ruin. They must submit to their fate.

In that dark hour shone forth the noble qualities of Andreas Hofer. He came into the trembling throng; in simple, earnest, burning words, he told them that their cause was his cause; that with them he would struggle, with them he would conquer, or with them he would die. From that surging crowd rose one mighty shout of applause. It was the note of freedom to the struggling world. It shook the rotten throne of every tyrant of Europe. It turned the eyes of all the

world upon that little land of mountains. Nobly did it deserve the trust. Inspired by the magic of Hofer's voice, the whole country threw itself upon those mighty armies and cast them to the earth. France was defeated. Simple and untrained as they were, the mountaineers were invincible by the arms of men. But the arms of nature were turned against them. The snow came. Slowly, steadily, they were driven down, down into their close-locked valleys, the very jaws of death. Afar off stood the boasted armies of France, like vultures watching the death-struggles of the prey they dare not assail. At last winter cut off all power of resistance or of flight, then France came in to claim the barren credit of a victory.

The story of Hofer's death is yet ringing upon the ears of men. Poetry has immortalized it. Oratory has shed around it her purest light. He died as the träitor dies; but a death so glorious never dawned upon the field of battle. No coward fear, no selfish thought, no boastful words profaned his dying moments. Calm and solemn he met his end. The same pure love of liberty, the same forgetfulness of self, which had marked all his life, threw their spell around his sacred death.

Such was Andreas Hofer, one of the great men of earth. But what one of them all ever wrung the crown of greatness from from circumstances like his? Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon were great because they crushed armies and overran nations; Frederick was great because he set a whole continent at defiance; William Tell was great because legend and tradition have given him a perfect character; Hampden was great because he led a vast uprising for liberty, and met a hero's death; Washington was great because he gave liberty to a mighty nation. Hofer owed his greatness to no such favors of fortune. He is infolded in no veil of romance; his deeds, his character belong to our own century. He led no victorious armies to conquest and devastation. He freed no mighty people from the shackles of the tyrant. He led a nameless race against the strongest power on earth; he met at the hands of that power the fate of a rebel and a traitor. Some one has said that success makes patriots, defeat, traitors and rebels. But defeat had no power over Hofer. No laurel-crowned patriot ever received deeper homage in the proudest moment of victory, than this poor rebel in the hour of death and disgrace. He was not a criminal, he was a martyr. His name will be the watchword of patriotism, as long as the fires shall glow on the altars of Liberty. Nations and races may go down to nameless graves, but he will be remembered. History has paid him her proudest tribute: and when the cold fingers of time have swept from her tablet the names of orator and statesman, warrior and king, there will still blaze upon its face in letters of gold the name of Andreas Hofer, the martyr patriot of the Tyrol.

THE STATUE IN THE PARTHENON.

More than two thousand years ago, the same sun which shines upon us to-day rose in its grandeur and revealed the snow white pillars of the Parthenon. glistening in their purity on the summit of the Acropolis.

For more than a score of centuries those massive columns have defied the ravages of Time. The hand of man has torn down portions of their grandeur, never to be restored, but it has left monuments to the genius of the immortal sculptor, on which the fury of the blast is spent in vain and under whose foundations the rumbling of the earthquake rolls unheeded by.

Beneath its roof stood a colossal statue, wrought by the hand whose wondrous skill stands alone in the annals of the world.

All Athens stood expectant at the portals of that noble structure and when its brazen doors swung back upon their hinges and the eager throng beheld the statue of their patron goddess, towering above them, the whole air trembled with the cry "Phidias also is divine and we will worship him!!"

Thus did the Pagan mind bow down to Wisdom before the light of Christianity had dawned upon the world. Thus did the men of old endow her lifeless statue with supernatural power and even reverence the soul which could conceive and the hand which could fashion a form so grand. To-day, with the light of centuries shining upon them, the minds of noble men still pay obeisance at the shrine of Wisdom; not as did the old Athenians before their goddess, clothing her in purple vestments and decking her form with gold and precious gems, no longer investing the senseless clay with immortality but revering the untold value of Wisdom's precepts and rendering homage to her very self rather than to her lifeless image.

Here and there we see her noble face and majestic figure holding a place of honor, but as a beautiful creation rather than an object of worship.

Would that the statue might be seen more frequently than it is, in public buildings, parks and gardens; it might inspire in us the ardor of those ancient Greeks and urge us on to higher aims and nobler achievements.

But, alas! the taste of the *multitude* has changed and while Athena's shoulders bear the dust of years in the solitude of the sculptor's studio, Venus drops her mantle, and with soft, white arms, gently leads us into forgetfulness of her nobler sister.

It is well for posterity that every age possesses great minds which are able to throw off the golden fetters of indolence and pleasure and rouse the minds of their fellow men to a contemplation of wonderful inventions, marvelous works of art and the expression of thoughts that stir the soul. Too many are seeking knowlege, not for the sake of its manifold beauties which are daily unfolded before them; not that they may store their minds with treasures for the good of others, but that they may receive the rewards which attend the possession of knowledge. Those who deem its acquisition a sufficient reward for the toil and labor of attaining it are the ones to whom gratitude is due for uncounted. benefits in every sphere of life. Knowledge is the great main-spring of the world. Without it, a darkness deeper than that of night would enshroud our daily lives and the hours, weeks, months and years would so slowly wear away, that the weariness of living would drive the mind to madness and death itself would be a welcome guest.

With it, ambition and thriving industry display themseves on every hand; the hills and dales re-echo the rumble of the locomotive; the sea becomes a thoroughfare for travel and commerce; the heavens above are laid open before us; the old world and the new clasp hands beneath the waves of the ocean and whisper their secrets like lovers beneath a spreading elm at evening.

"Knowledge is power," so sang the ancient bards in the childhood of the world and down through the ages the song has echoed and re-echoed, no one doubting, no one questioning, and we, to-day, take up the strain and by our words and deeds proclaim its everlasting truth. God gave his noblest work, a living being with a soul, a thirst for wisdom, and in whatever form it may be dear, whether in the sculptured marble, on the glowing canvas or enshrined in the heart, its priceless teachings will ever continue to fall, like precious gems, at the feet of the diligent, faithful and untiring worshipper.

And when the sun has shed its light for the last time on the massive grandeur of Athena's temple and the weight of years has crushed its pillars to the dust, those who are on earth will still be striving to press with reverent lips the hem of Wisdom's garments and those who have gone before will still be learning the mysteries of the eternal future, at the feet of Him who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand.

To Poets.

When you've contrived in language wondrous terse
Into one epic some high theme to cram,
Take my advice, burn all your ragged verse,—
Expand it all into one epigram.

Charles H. Dennis,
In Scribner for February.

POEMS OF THE ORIENT.

Bayard Taylor once said in a letter to a brother poet, "people do not seem to realize that I would never have been so successful a traveller, if I had not been a poet." His reputation as a great traveller has undoubtedly eclipsed his fame as a poet, in the popular mind; but he wished to be remembered as a poet, and it is safe to say that his poetry will live to charm the world, long after his prose has been forgotten. He did not wish to be remembered as a novelist and writer of books of travels, merely, although the value of his prose cannot be overestimated. To a student of his verse, he is a poet who grows as he is read and studied. There are lines as musical as the brook; there are stanzas as sublime as the roaring of the cataract, there are pictures as vivid as if they had been painted by the brush of a master artist, where light and shadow blend in wondrous harmony.

An eminent critic has said that his best work is contained in "The Poems of the Orient," and it is of these poems that we wish to speak. It would take volumes to do Bayard Taylor justice, and a more skillful pen than mine. The first poem, dedicatory to Stoddard is in the form of an epistle from Mount Tmolus, and though it is strong in expression and perfect in composition, it places Stoddard in a higher position relative to Taylor, than he really occupied at that time. In the memorable stanza beginning

> "You strain your ears to catch the harmonies
> That in some finer region have their birth,"—

the poet says,

> "And now I turn to find a late content
> In Nature, making mind her myriad shows;
> Better contented with one living rose
> Than all the God's ambrosia;" * * *

and that he made his own her myriad shows, is evident to all who read his poems. Then with a burst of eloquence he writes the verse which alone might have made him famous,

> "There is no jealous rivalry in Song," etc.

It is needless to mention the glorious "Bedouin Song," which runs in everyone's head, as the saying is, but we wish we could find beside it the "Persian Serenade," which for some unaccountable reason has been omitted from his complete work, though it is one of the sweetest and most musical poems that he ever wrote. Master pieces of poetry are "The Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaled," "Shek Ahnaf's Letter," and Amran's Wooing." Kilimandjaro," a poem addressed to "Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt," is one of the grandest poems in the volume, and we can see the sovereign mountain "bathed in the tenderest purple of distance." The charm of these poems, and of all his poems, is owing largely to the fact that he never wrote a halting line, nor ever wrote a poem without an object. As an interpreter of nature, he is, perhaps, second only to Bryant, among American poets. In such a poem as "Tyre," we can hear the rushing of the wind, and the intonation of the billows as they beat against the rocks. In the last poem, "L'envoi," he bids farewell to the Desert and Desert Steed. A critic has said that he captured the poetic secret of the East, as no poet had done since Byron died, and we believe it, when we see and feel the warm glow of Orient suns, of Eastern sunsets, illuminating his equisite word paintings. When he was in the East he was no longer the American poet, but the Eastern bard, as he says in the verse we quote:

> "The Poet came to the Land of the East,
> When spring was in the air,
> The earth was dressed for a wedding feast,
> So young she seemed and fair;
> And the Poet knew the Land of the East,—
> His soul was native there."

> "My patent pardons ye may see,
> Come frae the Khan of Tartarie,
> Weel sealed with oyster shells;
> Tho' ye have no contrition,
> Ye shall have full remission
> With help of buiks and bell."—*Lyndsay.*

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

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EDITORIAL.

THE University Press devotes part of a column to a dissertation on the habits of Middlebury students. The man who gave the University Press the information concerning the students aforesaid, must be a good deal like the dark Spanish-complexioned passenger on the "Old Margate Hoy," "a thorough paced liar who did not stand shivering upon the brink, but plunged at once into the depths of your credulity." The editorial referred to was certainly outspoken and familiar in its character, with the Deity. We have never heard any of the Middlebury men affirm that they were the "lambs" whom the University Press talks about, tho' there are many no doubt who have aspirations in that direction. Vermont is supposed to be a temperance state, and its sons can hardly be expected to be as familiar with beer as the students of the University of Wisconsin, but without meaning any disrespect to our esteemed fellow students, we would prophecy a rush if the editor of the University Press should stick his head in the chapel door and yell "my treat!" Come and try it Brother editor. We will be glad to see you, for we have not been thoroughly, genuinely happy, since our venerable and much respected janitor came around with his cider at annuals.

THE New York World, by means of its College Chronicle, renders an invaluable assistance to the college journals of America; and to students at large it gives a concise account of all prominent occurrences among college men. The World, if we are not mistaken, is the only large daily in the country which has a full and complete account of college doings. One charm about the World's Chronicle is that it never enters into criticism as to the relative merits and demerits of the college press, but aims only to be a review of students deeds and misdeeds. Long life to The World and its College Chronicle!

THE subject of College Poetry has been frequently discussed by the college press in general, and as we have read some of these discussions, it seemed to us that the average editor and average paper did not realize as Bayard Taylor said, that

"poetry is very serious business." We do not mean to say that the character of the *poem* should always be serious, for that would be absurd. But we mean to say that poetry means hard work, and that good poetry is never *dashed off*, as Whittier wrote to a young Wakefield bard. The average college poem, as it appears in the college paper, is better, we think, than the average newspaper poetry of to-day. Among the latter, can always be found poetry which will make a sensible reader have the St. Vitus dance. But the poems of our college papers seldom show the amount of work which should be given to them; and many a real poem and beautiful thought is stultified by a few lines which hitch and halt and are badly humpbacked. The UNDERGRADUATE does not claim to be free from this common defect, and if our exchanges shout back "why don't you practice as you preach?" we can only say that whatever our own faults may be, they don't effect the truth of these statements. If we were asked what should be the character of college poetry we could not answer; for we imagine that if you should tell a poet just how he must think, it would knock his inspiration higher than the meeting of the mysteriously endowed asymptotes. But we speak particularly concerning the composition of poems. The amateur in the art should have a general knowledge of the rules of prosody and scanning,that he may know what feet are interchangeable. He cannot be expected to understand all the minor technicalities of verse; but if he is reasonably familiar with the general principles,and always bears in mind the fact that all other verses should correspond with the first, in length of lines, stanzas, and in the character of the feet employed, a most lamentable defect in our college poetry will be remedied. Again there are many words which are not suitably used, tho' it would be hard to tell what was the matter, except that they are not "*poetic*," and sound flat in the circumstances of their position, where they would be properly employed in prose. A poem should never be written without an object. If a poet has a definite object in mind, and follows the general rules which we have tried to lay down, and has any prior capability in that direction, and most important of all, is willing to *work*, it is safe to say that his productions will be at least *creditable* if not immortal. There are some species of verse which it is dangerous for an amateur, or for many professionals to dabble in. The real Italian Sonnet, for instance, or blank verse or heroic hexametres.

THE News Letter has an able editorial in regard to our late trouble, and it is evident that the editor thoroughly understood the whole matter before he undertook to write about it. The last paragraph in the editorial referred to is particularly sound, and is worthy of every instructor's attention. This editorial was deliberate and calm, not after the style of many journals who yell "blood and vengeance" whenever they undertake to discuss the merits and demerits of a college revolt. We agree with the News Letter entirely in the conclusions which it arrives at in the review of our trouble, and extend the right hand of fellowship over fifteen hundred miles of mountain and prairie, figuratively speaking. This editorial does the News Letter infinite credit, and shows that its editor understands his business.

SOME one, either maliciously or accidently, has broken the large plate glass window over the library doors, and we understand that the faculty are taking measures to discover the guilty party. We think very likely that the person who caused the damage doesn't even know it himself, as we have heard that missiles were being thrown promiscuously about when the mishap occurred. We make no charges of intentional destruction, but we suggest that when any one has an irresistible desire to throw something, he look more carefully where his projectile is going to strike. We have made too frequent mention already in regard to the damage which is always being done around the buildings, but at the risk of being tiresome,

we suggest that the boys keep what is still respectable, in a presentable condition. We do not, like the gentleman of whom we have all heard, "wish that Middlebury College were sunk" simply because her walls are somewhat damaged. Our buildings would compare favorably with those of other colleges if a comparison were instituted, but that is no reason why we should endeavor to excel them in the matter of battered walls and broken railings and shattered windows. To be sure, it would give an air of antiquity to the institution, but there are evidences enough of this, in some of our text books. It seems to us that it is a useless task for the Faculty to undertake to ferret out the guilty party; for, if the aforesaid party did it unintentionally, he would have owned up before now, if he intended to at all; and if he doesn't know that he did it, he *can't* own up, and if he did it purposely, he wont get himself into a predicament by telling of it, and will lie out of it if he is questioned.

THE Faculty have voted to the effect that the Seniors must hand in the first draft of their graduating orations at the beginning of the Summer term. This will be a surprise party for the Seniors and the Professors too, we imagine, but however much it may trouble the former, it will be economy in the end, and we think that every one will admit it after the trying ordeal is at length over. The experience of not long ago has made the Faculty take this step, and no one can blame them for this new regulation How strange it will seem for us to be on hand! But we will go off singing "We're all on hand for once boys," to the tune of "we wont go home 'till morning."

A PRESS ASSOCIATION.—The question as to the feasibility of forming a college press associatiou has been discussed by various papers within a short time. Much has been said for and against it, but from the tone of the discussions we should think that such an organization was likely to be formed sometime in the immediate future. On the one hand it is claimed that a convention of the representatives of college papers would instill new enthusiasm into our undergraduate journals, and ultimately raise their standard of excellence. We doubt if a convention and an organized association would awaken any more enthusiasm than is manifested now, and when we look at the number of papers which are edited and kept alive by undergraduates alone, we can hardly say that enthusiasm is lacking. But an association of this kind would do no harm at any rate, and the convention would be looked forward to with pleasure. The various delegates would have a good time, no doubt, but we do not think that any decided good or evil would be accomplished. A paper will be like the college it comes from in many respects, and its general tone would not be materially benefitted or injured by conventions or associations.

KALEIDOSCOPE.—It is a subject of great regret to the students at large that the Seniors do not issue any kaleidoscope this year. The Seniors of course have excellent reasons for departing from the footsteps of our illustrious predecessors in this respect, and if they have good reasons they cannot be censured for their action. It is too bad that these old time customs are gradually dying away. There was a time when every class had its celebrations and reunions and never failed to get out the time-honored kaleidoscope. But we are sadly degenerated in this regard, and now even the kaleidoscope has gone and the cremation is a thing of the dim past, tho' some of us have every reason to remember the last one which took place. An attempt was made not very long ago, to revive the old class-day celebrations, but what little enthusiasm arose at that time has gone away. We wish to advise the lower classes not to let the old time respectable customs die away. They lend a charm to college life that nothing else can impart, and when you have left the old buildings for the last time and are far away from each other and the old Halls, you will take many a retrospective glance of satisfaction and live over again the jolly celebration of college days.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments of the Communication Column.]

Editors of Undergraduate:

THERE are several periodicals which are needed to make our reading room reasonably complete, but money is wanting for their purchase. The question arises, where is the cash coming from? There are various means which can be discovered, but the most advisable one, it seems to me, would be to sell the contents of the file room, which has been accumulating for ages, and apply the money to this purpose. The majority of the papers are almost valueless as a means of reference, and their room would be better than their company, even if no pecuniary advantage would be obtained by disposing of them. They are in such a condition that if any one wished to refer to them, it would take him six months to find the paper he wished, and no one will ever put them in order. The monthly periodicals, of course, need not be sold; but they at all events should be bound and in the library. With the proceeds of this sale, sufficient money could be raised to pay subscriptions to several needed periodicals, and as the papers are absolutely valueless where they are now, why cannot they be utilized in the manner suggested?

Truly yours, B.

Editors of Undergraduate:

As we listen to the orators upon the college stage each Wednesday afternoon, the question is apt to come to our lips, "why can't we have something new?" There is no reason why speakers should fall back upon ancient and time-worn orations, poems that have become utterly demoralized and decrepit from use, and old theological answers to questions that can never be answered. There are live questions which are always being discussed by live men, questions of interest to the popular mind, and if speakers would only speak what is being said by modern men about them, there would be less sleepiness in the aged pews which adorn the chapel. Let the students take almost any of our daily papers or monthly periodicals, and they will find pieces in abundance, which would make the boys rouse themselves and listen. Spartacus to the Gladiators is good, but it is all worn out. Where every one speaks such common property as that has grown to be, the audience know just what is coming next and don't want to hear it. It has grown as unbearable as Pinafore, and a law prohibiting the utterance of both would be a blessing among men!

It would do no harm to try the experiment of having some new material upon the stage. Perhaps a little enthusiasm would be awakened.

X.

Editors of Undergraduate:

I was considerably surprised the other morning, when the President requested the person who stole or borrowed a certain magazine from the Reading Room to please bring it back again as soon as convenient if he was willing. The President's request was a modest one and made in the most modest manner, and with the most modest language.

The person who had taken the magazine secretly returned it, for at all events it was found in the room shortly afterwards. I haven't the slightest idea who took the magazine referred to, and I care as little. But whoever it was or is that takes papers from the Reading Room occasionally, treats his fellow students in a shabby manner. We would all of us probably like to take papers and magazines to our rooms and read them at leisure, but if we take them from the Reading Room, where will it be in a little while? It will be no where, and what little remains will stand like a wailing ghost to haunt the man who first began to take away the papers. Let the person who indulges a desire to "*borrow*" papers from the Reading Room, just think and reason with himself for a moment, and then if he can't give up his habit go and jump into the well.

Yours, E. R. H.

REVIEWS.

THE February *Atlantic* has a supplement giving a full account of the Holmes Breakfast, with the speeches, poems, and letters of that very interesting occasion. Several new chapters are given of Mr. Howells' serial, "The Undiscovered Country," and it is safe to say that any one who fails to read it loses some of the most delightful of current reading. Mr. Longfellow's poem, "Helen of Tyre," in the measure of "Sandalphon," is one of the most pleasing poems Mr. Longfellow has ever written. Richard Grant White has a curiously interesting article on "Antonius Stradivarius and the Violin." Goldwin Smith contributes a striking essay on "Pesssimism," which is sure of wide reading and liberal criticism. C. P. Cranch, the poet, writes an interesting and instructive essay on "Wordsworth." Miss Woolson has a short story, "The South Devil," which no lover of good short stories should miss. How the attempt at poetry, called "Miles Keoyle's Horse," ever was acepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a mystery. It is faulty in its composition, and the most unpardonable rhymes are noticable. The author shows wisdom in not giving his name.

THE Midwinter (February) *Scribner* (of which 125,000 copies have been printed, to supply the growing demand in England and America), is as unique in points as in the size of the edition. The most prominent feature, perhaps, is the paper on Edison's Electric Light, by his mathematician. Mr. Francis R. Upton, which is endorsed as the first and authoritive account in a letter from Mr. Edison, printed in fac-simile, in this issue of *Scribner*. The first of Mr. Eugene Schuyler's illustrated papers, on the life of Peter the Great, given in this number, covers a wide range of interest, placing a most fascinating historical era clearly before the reader. Mrs. Burnett's new story, in four parts, entitled "Louisiana," is also begun in this number. A biographical sketch of John Bright is made timely by his recent speech on America, and by the revival of political interest in Great Britain. Mr. Boysen contributes a short story of Norway and Chicago, entitled "A Knight of Dannebrog." A poem by Charles de Kay, entitled "Boozy Little Bat," is illustrated by Kappes, and there are others by W. C. Wilkinson, Marie Mason, Laura Winthrop Johnson and R. W. Gilder. Altogether, this number of *Scribner* is one of great variety and interest.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

Harvard has one student of Chinese.

Card-playing and the use of tobacco are prohibited at Oberlin.

A number of the young ladies of Michigan University have organized a secret society.

The Seniors of Rochester University have to pass an examination in orthography before graduation.

Great Britain sends ten students to the University in Berlin, and America thirty-three.

At Oberlin the Freshmen and First years recently had a taffy-pull and social. No one was injured.

The professors in the Russian universities are prohibited by the government from lecturing on tyranny, even such as Nero's or Caligula's.

University College, London, was attended by two thousand students, including two hundred and eleven ladies, during the past year, its first year of co-education. The percentage of failure among the women was 19; among the men 44.5.

At Williams a dramatic association has been formed for the promotion of a more active interest in dramatic matters. The special feature of the club will be the series of monthly private meetings, which are to be continued throughout the year, in addition to two or more public entertainments.

In 1839 the colleges of New England graduated one student to every 1,200 of the population. Since then the ratio has been steadily decreasing, and now taking the country as a whole, the colleges graduate yearly only one student to about 3,000 people.

The regents of the California State University have passed an order requiring all Freshmen to pledge themselves not to join any of the secret fraternities existing in that institution. The societies whose days are thus numbered are chapters of Zeta Psi, Chi Phi, Delta Kappa Epsilon and Phi Beta Theta.

The subject of forming a press association, first suggested by the *Spectator*, and agitated by the *Acta*, is exciting considerable interest among college journals. The objects of the proposed association, as stated by the *Acta*, are the interchange of views upon matters concerning college journalism, from which good results might be expected, and the "promotion" of an *entente cordale* among the editors of different college journals.

It is proposed by nine New England colleges, Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Brown, Williams, Trinity, Boston University, Tufts, and Dartmouth, to modify the ordinary method of examining candidates for entrance, so that instead of each college holding its own examination without reference to any other institution, a uniform examination on the same day for all colleges may be arranged. Meetings of the representatives from the various departments of these colleges will be held soon to discuss and arrange such a system.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Sleighing?

We are a little late again.

Does this snow mean sleighing?

Chapel exercises in the philosophical room this term.

A Freshman is making an instrument for an electric light.

The Seniors have voted to issue no Kaleidoscope this year.

Sophomore and Freshmen rights have again come up for discussion.

Please notice our corrected calendar, on the first page, for announcements.

The Sophs are reveling in Analytics. And the Freshmen in Geometry.

A fifteen minutes noon prayer meeting has been started by the students.

We get railroad time on our new telegraph line at nine o'clock each morning.

The samples of weather for the past few weeks have been varied and numerous.

The snow plow was a welcome visitor upon the campus when the snow was here.

George Hammond is assistant postmaster, in place of Will Chapman, resigned.

W. W. Gay of the class of '76 was recently admitted to the bar at Albany, N. Y.

A Freshman's dog by the name of "guess" has occasioned considerable guessing.

"I hab a bery sebere colt," is now the prevailing excuse for tardiness to chapel.

Prof.: "Such a construction never occurs in German,—that is, it har—is quite rare."

Several of the students are taking lessons in vocal music this term, of Miss Emma Higley.

C. E. Ballou, our young merchant tailor, has recently swung out some new and tasty signs.

A Sophomore had two pet gray squirrels at the beginning of the term. He has none now.

The Seniors and Juniors are making a stir among the musty volumes of the library, looking for original matter.

The Euterpe Club gave a very interesting invitation concert in the high school music room on the eve of the 27th ult.

Prof. to Soph.—"What is the meaning of extradition?" Soph.—"I am not quite sure, but I think it is a kind of commerce."

C. G. Wilson '83, on Monday, the 19th ult., won a 125 yards foot race over Murphy, the champion ten miles runner of Canada.

The Seniors have been instructed to have an abstract of their Commencement orations ready for inspection by the first of the spring term.

N. B. Sophomores and Freshmen! It costs from five to fifteen dollars to horn a man now, as matters lately developed in town go to show.

F. B. Sheldon, of the class of '83, has accepted a position in the National Bank of Fairhaven.

He entered upon his duties there the beginning of this term.

The plate glass over the library door was accidentally broken a few days since by a stray snow ball, and the life size portrait of Dr. Beeman that hung opposite was considerably injured.

It is suggested that the absence of spectators at our Wednesday afternoon rhetorical exercises is owing to the fact that the Juniors do not appear on the stage this term. It makes some difference from whom the suggestion came.

Skating is good and a considerable of it. One of the Sophs. thinks there is not much sport in skating after all, and his reason for thinking so is that he got through the ice six times in an afternoon. He says this takes out the poetry wonderfully.

The day of prayer for colleges was observed by a college meeting at half past ten in the morning in the philosophical room; a union service at half past two in the afternoon at the Methodist church and a social meeting in the evening at the Congregational church.

Prof.—"What are some of the uses to which prussic acid is put?" Junior—"It is used in plating, electrotyping and dyeing"; but not feeling quite sure of his last statement and suddenly remembering that it is intensely poisonous adds, "I mean, it is used for destroying life."

They were going home from Pinafore. Said he, "How did you enjoy the entertainment?" "Oh," said she, "it would have been just lovely if they had left out that 'hardly ever;' it does seem as if they might get along without putting that into Pinafore if they *do* have it in everything else."

The college telegraph line is now connected with the line in town. Through this line the college is in communication with several business places, including the depot. There are now more than twenty offices on the line and several miles of wire. It can be made a matter of convenience as well as of pleasure.

The revival meetings under the auspices of the Baptist church and which were held at the Methodist house for about three weeks, were of considerable interest and were quite largely attended. They were conducted by Miss Townsley, who has great success in revival work. She finished her labors here on the 30th ult.

We heard distressing sounds issuing from a student's room a day or two ago and rushed in to ascertain the cause. We saw a Junior standing with one hand on his stomach and the other supporting his jaw, a look on his countenance that seemed to us like agony or despair, and a book before him. We were just about to ask him what the trouble was when he began "Verlosen-gegangen Wiedervergeltungsrecht——" We had found out what the trouble was.

Prominent among the valuable features of the new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, just issued, is the "New Biographical Dictionary," comprising about 10,000 names of ancient and modern persons of renown, including many now living. It gives us the pronunciation of these names, the nationality, profession or occupation, date of birth, and if known, the date of death of each person. From its conciseness and accuracy it supplies a want long felt in this direction, and adds very greatly to the value of this always valuable work.

PERSONALS.

'35. Charles B. Goodrich is principal, and Superintendent of thirteen public schools in Vineland, N. J.

'45. Dr. J. Adams Allen, President of Rush Medical College, sails from New York, for Europe next Saturday. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Allen, and will probably be away for some months. Dr. Allen's vacation has been earned by many years of close devotion to his profession, and he carries with him the best wishes of a host of friends, who hope he will find new health in rest and travel.—*Chicago Tribune.*

'50. Prof. Hiram Mead of Oberlin, received such internal injury from a fall, recently, that he is confined to his house for the present, and his classes meet in his study.—*Congregationalist.*

'58. The Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York reorganized on Tuesday, by electing Steven A. Walker, the new president of the Board of Education, Chairman, and Lawrence D. Keernan, clerk. In a brief address made on taking the chair Mr. Walker said that the college entrance examinations were not exactly enough, and that as a result boys were graduated from the Grammar School not so well

learned and fitted as the girls who were graduated into the normal college.—*New York World.*

Mr. Walker has been elected a member of the committee on admissions by the New York Bar Association.

'58. George Fisher was recently appointed Surveyor and ex-officio collector of customs for Cairo, Ill., by President Hayes. He was first appointed to this position by Grant in 1869, and his commission was removed by Grant in 1873.

'60. Rev. H. P. Higley preached the opening sermon at the Beloit District Convention, which met at Brodhead, Dec. 8–9.

'60. E. B. Sherman of Chicago was appointed July 12th, last, by Judge Harlan, of the Supreme Court, U. S., Judge Drummond of the Circuit Court, and Judge Blodgett of the District Court, U. S., as master of chancery of said Circuit Court.

'63. Col. F. G. Butterfield, of Bellows Falls, has been appointed by President Hayes as superintendent of the census in this State.

'66. W. D. Brennan has been appointed second on Judiciary, and chairman of committee on Militia.

'67. A. B. Hepburn has been prominently spoken of as Bank Superintendent of New York.

'69. Henry S. Baker is Principal of River Falls institute and also superintendent of schools in Pierce county, Wisconsin. He has recently been elected President of the teachers association in Pierce county, and is educational editor of the River Falls Journal.

'70. George H. Owen is United States Consul at Massena, Italy.

'71. Mr. J. N. Mallory recently spoke by special invitation, before the Massachusetts State Teachers' Association at Boston, upon the metric system, of which he is an enthusiastic advocate. He has been for five years principal of a high school in Winchester, N. H., and has built up a first class school whose graduates are sought for as teachers in all the surrounding towns. For the last two years, he, with the help of one other principal, has held a series of institutes in that and the adjoining towns, which have been well attended and productive of much good. Keene is now anxious to be included in this list of towns, and the next institute will be held there some time in February.—*Middlebury Register.*

'72. Rev. H. M. Ladd has, at the earnest request of his church, withdrawn his resignation of the pastorate, and will remain there instead of going to Africa for the A. B. C. F. M.—*Congregationalist.*

'76. W. W. Gay has been in town for the past few days.

'77. B. M. Weld is principal of the People's Academy and Morrisville Graded School at Morrisville, Vt.

EXCHANGES.

A new and welcome visitor comes to the sanctum in the person of The Earlhamite, from Richmond, Indiana, and we gladly accept the offer to exchange. "Beautiful Life," is an unusually fine essay; "Macbeth" is well written, while the poems are up to the standard of college poetry, and of the two we like "A Dream of Fair Woman" best. Editorials are good, and the whole paper is well made up.

The College Argus lays for "funny freshmen" in a manner at once cutting and comical. It were well for all freshmen who have a leaning toward practical joking, to read the editor's remarks. The clippings are judiciously selected, the exchange column is well managed, and the personals are complete.

The Dartmouth opens with a good poem, "The Wind's Story." "Italian Dramatists" is a carefully written paper, while "Sayings and Doings of Great Men" is interesting to the general reader. There are two pages of communications which are of little interest to outside readers. The local columns are spicy and fresh. The book notices, it seems to us, take up too much space.

The College Record begins its Literary with a passably fair poem. "The Founder of the Saracenic Empire" is a first-class paper, but "Classics versus Mathematics" is too old to be of particular interest. The man who edits "Sideaches" does his work well. Exchanges are good.

The Tripod contains a beautiful poem called An Autograph, and we would like to quote it at length if space permitted. "The Value of an Education," is rather too stale a topic to awaken much interest, however true the sentiments expressed may be. The local department is as good as can be, and above the average "locals."

The Ariel has a poem which does small credit to the author, and contains such imperfect rhymes as "feature and nature," "whistle and muscle." Aside from this poem, the literary articles are unusually well written and interesting. "Webster's Reply to Hayne," is particularly noticable. In the editorial columns we find none but good opinions expressed. The paper is a credit to the University.

We receive occasional calls from The Archangle, a sheet which hails from distant Oregon. We are not very familiar with archangles, but if this is a fair sample, we think there is room for improvement. "The Passage" is a good poem, but the prose selection (as we suppose) which follows, entitled "The Illegitimate Child," is—well, we wont attempt to tell what it is. There are also attacks made on the time-worn and weary subjects, "Better Late than Never," "Good Humor," etc., which are too much like school girl compositions to be readable.

PLUNDER.

BUTLER'S ANALOGY.—Prof,—Mr. T., you may pass on to the "Future Life." Mr. T.,—Not prepared.—Ex.

Prof. in Veterinary Science,—Mr. S., to what class of animals does the horse belong?

Mr. S.,—I think, professor, it belongs to the sophomore class.—Era.

MISS SMITH.—"It is so cold in this room that my right foot is just turning into an icicle."

ROOM-MATE.—(Eying cooly) "It seems to me that it looks more like a glacier."—Rockford Sem.

There is a patient in one of the New York hospitals who, in his delirum, continually calls out "Next! Next!" The physicians are undecided whether he is a college professor or a barber.—Ex.

Prof. in German to junior,—"In the sentence 'Jehovah made for him a female companion' what dative is the phrase 'for him?'"

Junior,—"A clear case, a very clear case, sir, of disadvantage."

Prof. in logic, calling for various meanings of ambiguous terms,—"Take, for instance, the term glass." "A mirror!" shout the girls, while the boys faintly murmur "A beer mug." Ah, the power of association.—Ex.

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person; "set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther." "So I do," said the toper, "but I set it so far off that I always get drunk before I get there."—Archangle.

The zeal with which a student in chapel will sing "Praise God from whom, etc.," while bending up a pin for his neighbor to sit down on, is only equalled by the sympathy and surprise his countenence expresses at his neighbor's sudden jump and smothered screech.—Ex.

Tutor in Rhetoric,—Can you give me any familiar example, sir, of a highly figurative style? Something not in the text-books?

Fresh.,—"Take your d——d canal-boats out of the way, you lop-eared pelican of the desert!" I got it from an '82 man this morning, sir.–Acta.

A dentist in Bristol, Vt. recently received, by mail, an order for a set of teeth which read as follows: "My mouth is three inches across, five eighths inches through the jaw. Sum hummocky on the edge. Shaped like a horseshoe, toe forrard. If you want me to be more particular, I shall have to come thar."—Albany Argus.

A Soph. imbibed one morning
Many glasses of Greenway's best,
And when he was half seas over
A *Cop* took him off to *Rest.*

At once he was brought into court,
For they knew he wasn't a townsman,
"Been on a drunk," said Judge,
"Hic, so have I," said the gownsman.—Ex

Prof.,—Mr. M., what will the elevation of the moon be at that time?

M.,—High, sir.

Prof.,—Next.

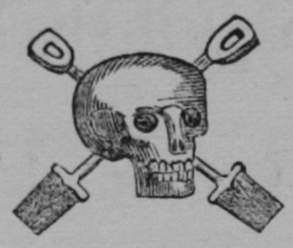
N.,—Low.

Prof.,—Now what do you think, Mr. P.?

P.—(who can't imagine any other position) Jack, sir.—Brunonian.

Some people never can take a joke. At a Freshmen meeting, while discussing a twenty-five cent tax, one of the members declared that he would "neither give quarter nor take it," and not one saw the point, but thought he was assuming a very defiant attitude; and the lad sat down. murmuring:

"Full many a joke of purest ray serene
Misunderstood, makes the wit seem an ass;
Full many a pun is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on a stupid class."—E



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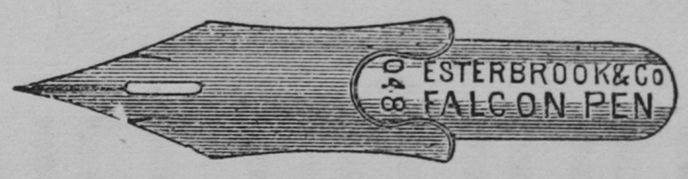

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